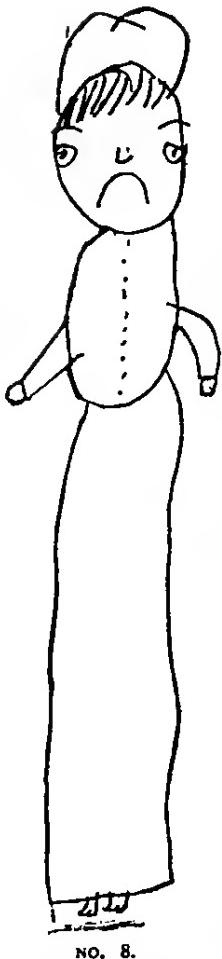


No. 8.—“This is the nurse. Her name is Elizabeth—Elizabeth Caton. She’s awful cross and fretful. Look at her mouth! She’s a horrid old thing! She brought them all up, and they just hate her.”

I then ventured to ask where the father of the family was, and what he was like, and this was her reply :

“There ain’t any yet! I have n’t made him. But I will. I’ll cut him out quick with the scissors and do his face afterward.”

She accordingly produced in a twinkling this highly re-



spectable practitioner (No. 9), whose nattiness in dress and blandness of address must strike the least observant eye, and said:

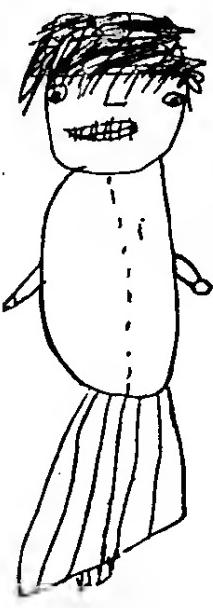
“Here he is! He’s a doctor. But he don’t never ask anything when he goes to see people, like some. I wanted to give him coat-tails. He would have looked so nice with coat-tails, but they got cut off.”

NO. 9.

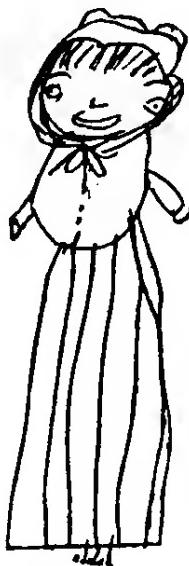
No. 10.—“She, I mean Mrs. Corkwell, and him, I mean Dr. Corkwell, has both of them got mothers. They are both nice old women. This is Mrs. Corkwell’s mother, Mrs. Dixon. I don’t often give them teeth—they don’t look nice. But I had to, Mrs. Dixon

is *so very cheerful*. She’s always smiling, ‘most. And she talks—my, but she talks!”

No. 11.—“Well, now, this is Dr. Corkwell’s mother—old Mrs. Corkwell. She’s nice and quiet. Don’t you think the Doctor looks like his mother? I think he’s just *the image* of her. Her cap is tied under her chin. Mrs. Dixon’s cap won’t stay on that way ‘cause she wears a wig. Hers has to be tied on the side. You’ll see it in the picture that way.”



NO. 10.



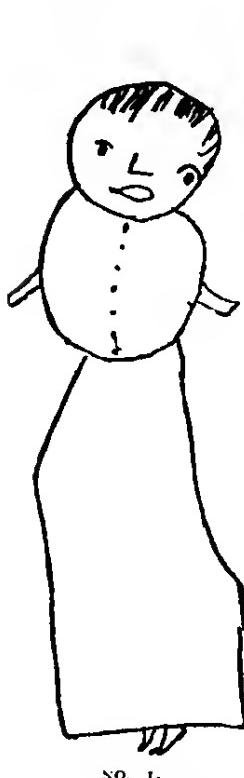
NO. 11.

Can anybody doubt that the Corkwell family exist, after this, though what they live on, considering the Doctor’s rigid determination never to take a fee under any circumstances, is more than I can say. I should think his practice would be extensive, and the vulgar question of mere emolument he leaves to less lofty minds. My young friend tells me he is a “homopath” sometimes and sometimes “a allypath.” I am afraid he is not a graduate of any medical college, and is decidedly eccentric. But I like a man of original views and generous aims, and I must say for my part that I wish Doctor Corkwell (and his family) well. May they live long and prosper!

THE CORKWELLS.

BY FRANCES COURtenay BAYLOR.

I SHOULD like to introduce to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a most interesting family,—presented to me one evening by a Lilliputian of my acquaintance,—the Corkwells. I don't know much about them, because I have only met them casually in society; but they are intimate friends of hers, and I shall let her explain who they are, and give such fragments of their history as she was kind enough to favor me with as we looked through the portfolio of sketches which serves her in lieu of an album.



NO. 1.

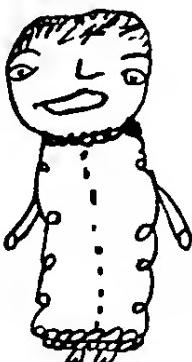


NO. 2.

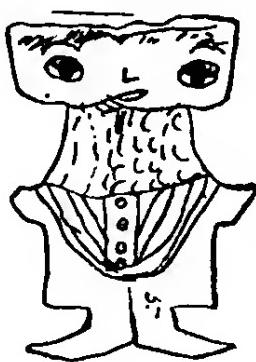
No. 3.—“This one, you know, is Lily. She's ten years old. She's a good child. She's like her mother.”

No. 4.—“She's Helen. She's just getting over scarlet-fever. She's awful pale, is n't she? She's had mumps, and chicken-pox, and small-pox, and yellow-fever—just an awful lot of diseases.”

No. 5.—“Here's Tom. He's just an awful



NO. 3.



NO. 5.



NO. 4.



NO. 6.



NO. 7.

No. 1.—“This is Mrs. Corkwell. She's the mother of them all. She's looking at her husband. He's very interesting sometimes. She's a good mother, and does n't like to beat her children ever. Mrs. Corkwell's lazy.”

No. 2.—“This is the big boy, Bob. He's home from school. He's had his teeth knocked out playing base-ball, you see,—all but one. I don't like to draw boys—their legs is so different.”

bad boy. He's bad all the time. He looks like Dr. Corkwell. But his head ain't right; there was n't enough paper, so I could n't help it. I think he looks Japanese.”

No. 6.—“This one, now, is Frank. He's awful sly.”

No. 7.—“This is the baby, Jeanette. She's cross-eyed in one eye, but you don't notice it.”